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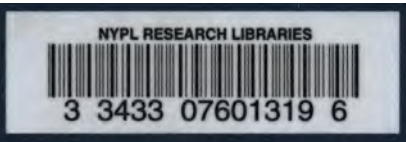
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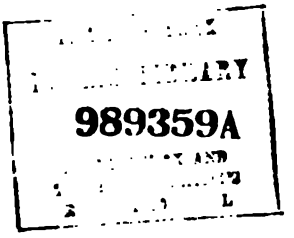

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DEDICATION.

TO MRS. M. J. C.

LIGHTLY the sunbeams fell
Over the broad varandah, and they glanced
Through the long windows, open to the east,
In silver lines that rose, and ran, and danced
Hither and there, like guests at some fair feast;

And in that calm, deep room
We sat together, you and I; and you—
As lightly shot your needle's shining glow—
Were busied with some dainty work that grew
Under your hands as faëry work doth grow.

And I—an idler there—
Sat carelessly in some deep-cushioned chair,
And watched your snowy fingers as they moved,
And dreamed the dreams I bring to crown you here—
Of hopes that bloomed, and hearts that lived and loved.

For in those April days,
So golden with sunlight rich and rare,
Unto my faithful heart I softly said:
"Now, when these idle buds have blossomed fair,
They shall be wreathed to crown her queenly head!"

MOLLIE E. MOORE.

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Minding the Gap.

THERE is a radiant beauty on the hills—
The year before us walks with added bloom:
But, ah! 'tis but the hectic flush that lights
The pale consumptive to an early tomb—
The dying glory that plays round the day
When that which made it bright hath passed away!

A mistiness broods in the air—the swell
Of east winds, slowly weaving Autumn's pall,
With dirge-like sadness, wanders up the dell;
And red leaves from the maple branches fall
With scarce a sound. This strange, mysterious rest!
Hath Nature bound the Lotus to her breast?

But hark! a long and mellow cadence wakes
The echoes from their rocks! How clear and high
Among the rounded hills its gladness breaks,
And floats, like incense, toward the vaulted sky!

It is the harvest-hymn! A triumph tone,
It rises like those swelling notes of old
That welcomed Ceres to her golden throne,
When through the crowded streets her chariot rolled.
It is the laborers' chorus! For the reign
Of plenty hath begun—of golden grain.

How cheeks are flushed with triumph, as the fields
Bow to our feet with riches! How the eyes
Grow full with gladness, as they yield
Their ready treasures! How hearts arise
To join with gladness in the mellow chime—
"The harvest-time! The glorious harvest-time!"

It is the harvest, and the gathered corn
Is piled in yellow heaps about the field;
And homely wagons, from the break of morn
Until the sun glows like a crimson shield
In the far west, go staggering homeward bound,
And with the dry husks strew the trampled ground.

It is the harvest—and an hour ago
I sat with half-closed eyes beside the "spring,"
And listened idly to its dreamy flow,
And heard afar the gay and ceaseless ring
Of song and labor from the harvesters—
Heard faint and careless, as a sleeper hears.

My little brother came with bounding step,
  And bent him low beside the shaded stream,
And from the fountain drank with eager lip ;
  While I, half rousing from my dream,
Asked where he'd spent this still September day—
"Chasing the birds, or on the hills at play?"

Backward he tossed his golden head, and threw
  A glance disdainful on my idle hands,
And, with a proud light in his eye of blue,
  Answered, as deep his bare feet in the sands
He thrust, and waved his baby hand in scorn—
"Ah, no ; down at the cornfield since the morn
    I've been mindin' the gap !"

"Minding the gap!" My former dream was gone!
  Another in its place : I saw a scene
As fair as e'er an autumn sun shone on—
  Down by a meadow, large and smooth and green,
Two little barefoot boys, sturdy and strong
And fair, here in the corn, the whole day long,
    Lay on the curling grass,
      Minding the gap !

Minding the gap ! And as the years swept by
  Like moments, I beheld those boys again ;
And patriot hearts within their breasts beat high,
  And on their brows was set the seal of men ;

And guns were on their shoulders, and they trod
Back and forth, with measured step, upon the sod,
Near where our army slept,
Minding the gaps!

Minding the gaps! My brothers, while you guard
The open places, where a foe might creep—
A mortal foe—oh, mind those *other gaps*—
The open places of the heart! My brothers, keep
Watch over them!

The open places of the heart—the gaps
Made by the restless hands of Doubt and Care—
Could we but keep, like holy sentinels,
Innocence and Faith forever guarding there,
Ah, how much of woe and shame would flee
Affrighted back from their blest purity!

No gloom or sadness from the outer world,
With feet unholy then would enter in,
To grasp the golden treasures of the soul,
And bear them forth to sorrow and to sin!
The heart's proud fields—its harvests full and fair!
Innocence and Love, could we but keep them there,
Minding the gaps!

Love.

[illegible] with [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Roll over the [illegible]

"Kiss down [illegible]
Of my [illegible]
Breathe on my [illegible]
The [illegible]

"Butterfly [illegible]
Do you envy [illegible]
Ah, how slowly you [illegible]
On that [illegible]

"Nay, lay your [illegible]
I would have you [illegible]
You will not? [illegible]
How your [illegible]

"Oh, velvet-leaved [illegible]
My lips that [illegible]

The Departing Soul.

Body. And wilt thou leave me?
Thou, who hast dwelt within my breast, and sent
Life's red tide proudly through my full, strong veins?
Thou! who hast unlocked each arched door
Of my young heart, and welcomed hope and love
As dwellers there?
Alas! my wasted limbs
Are shaken with the fervor of thy wings,
Which beat within my breast, and wrestling, strive
To burst from my embrace—my last embrace.
Sweet Spirit, hear my prayer. Ah, panting Life,
I am so young—so strong for battling storms—
So fair for crowns of roses! Ah, sweet Soul,
Leave me not yet!

Spirit. Oh, lily in the breeze!
Oh, passionate and frail! Sweet pleader, fain
Would I have lingered in thy fervid arms
While yet the vivid cloud of early youth
Hung crescive in thy way. But hark—a Voice!
A message from the Master comes. I go.
And yet, oh royal palace built of clay!

Oh, vermeil heart, ensealed with princely gems!
Oh, tender eyes, with long and languid lids—
(Sweet eyes, dear windows of my prison home!)
Oh, radiant brow, where oft my spell hath lain!
Oh, Parian hand, with roseate palm, so oft
Pressed down against the aching side to calm
My wayward restlessness! 'tis hard to know
That morn and eve will find me here no more,
Basking in all your sentient beauties! But,
Sweet pleader, let me go. Since twilight drew
Her dusky coif about the silent sky,
Thee have I held in strife, and tried in vain
To free my struggling form from thine embrace.
Peace; let me go! The voice that calls me hence
Hath often soothed me in my yearning dreams.
Stay not my feet, for, with outstretching arms,
An angel draweth near thy couch—my guide
For Home. Ah, wrestling Body, let me go!
For, hark! I hear the lucid harps of heaven,
With notes of welcome tuned: for me they swell—
For me! Sweet home, I come!

Body. Stay, Spirit, stay!
For I have borne thee in my breast since erst
Our Father gave me to thy sacred keep;
And thy fair wings, now plumed for flight, were wont
To rest securely there, and not a thought
Of upward flight e'er stirred their tranquil sleep,

Nor e'en a dream of heaven hath ever thrilled;
And now, oh faithless, wilt thou leave me?

Spirit. Nay,
Hast thou not felt the rustle of my wings,
As when at eve the living sky unrolled
Like a wrought standard, fold by fold, to show
Its boundless loveliness? Hast thou not felt
A dim, strange sadness round thy heart, as if
Some unnamed sorrow stirred its inmost fold?
And when thy gaze upon the studded scroll
Sought some one large star, whose burning orb
Hung trembling on the midnight's gathered pall,
Hast thou not felt my restless feet press down
In anguished tread, as if they longed to walk
That thread of silver light that heavenward led?
And when the sun, like some great beacon, burnt
On Heaven's broad fields, and golden mists and clouds
Of changing hue made shining highways, meet
For holy feet to tread at high mid-noon;
Or when a mighty burst of music came,
Quivering through the solemn hush of night—
Deep notes from Nature's grand creation hymn;
Or, when the stifled sorrow of the sea,
In smothered tones stirred through my prison-walls—
Hast thou not felt me striving with the bars
That keep me here! My own, reproach me not!
Securely have I lain enfolded in thy depths,

And every stir of mine was felt by thee,
And every throb of thine by me was known.
But ah, my sky-born nature never yet,
'Mid festal scenes or paths where roses glow,
Has been at rest, nor my proud pinions here
Have tamely borne confinement. Often I
Through thy most faithful eyes have gazed and searched
Some other breast unto its core, and held
Communion with some soul whose angel-life
I knew erewhile in Paradise, and then
How vainly would I strive to rise and join
My kindred souls beyond!
Dear, wrestling heart,
Thee have I led through shadow and through sheen,
And fain would spare thee all these mighty pangs,
Fain linger with thee till the fire of youth
Lies quenched upon its shrine—but hark, the Voice!
And e'en the smiling stars, with golden hands,
Beckon me hence. Home—HOME! oh, heart, farewell.
Mine earthly love, thine outstretched, pleading arms
Are giant chains that draw me toward the earth;
But Home—"Come home!" Oh, wrestler, let me go!

Body. Wilt thou then leave me?—thou,
When all the brightest things of earth do bow
And make me homage; and I so strong
For battling storms—so fair for crowns of roses—
So lithe for festal hours!

Ah, panting Life!
By this proud brow, now moist with agony—
By these worn limbs, now bended to the dust—
By this strong heart, now fainting drop by drop,
And throb by throb advancing on the grave—
By veins that have been held in strife by thee,
Till every pulse is weaker as it comes—
I pray thee hear me!
Quench not my youth
With midnight gloom, nor cast, with cruel hand,
Love's burning incense from its worshipped shrine.
Ah, Life, must these proud limbs, whose haughty might
Hath ever scorned the mold of earth, now fold
And shroud themselves in sodden clay? Oh, Soul,
Must hands whose only touch hath been of thee—
Who moved but in obedience to thy will—
Be folded o'er a breast *where thou art not?*
Must I, "born in the purple"—garb of kings—
Be clad in noisome dust—the dress of worms?
Ah, God, to die! while yet the royal tide
Of purple blood leaps stag-like through the veins!
Ah, God, to die! while yet the world is fresh—
While yet the trees are green with April leaves!
Ah, God, to die! while just beyond, there glows
The tender eyes, and fervent arms await,
And whispered words and deep delirious kiss!
Sweet Spirit, stay, and hear my anguished prayer!
Alas! my arms grow weak, and stronger beat

Against their struggling clasp thy cruel wings!
Could all my pain, ah, Life, but quiver up
From its sad depths, 'twould pierce the gates of heaven,
And angels e'en might stay their songs to shed
The dew of pity on my agony.
Wilt wing thy way among the burning stars,
And leave me cold and senseless here?
Alas!
I feel thy soft feet trampling on my breast
And smothering down my tones of agony.
Thou hast no pity, and the heart that beat
At will of thine has thrilled its last; and eyes
That bend to look in these poor eyes of mine,
With all the yearning love that spirits know,
When one is soaring outward—upward—home,
Will turn aside from this poor clay, and sad
And mournful breathe—"The soul is gone!"

Now where art thou,
Thou guardian angel of my wayward youth?
Blindly gropes my wasted arms for thee.
Alas! the clouds press down in all their gloom,
And autumn zephyrs sweep my marble brow;
And as the fringéd lids press o'er the eyes,
Through whose dark curtains thou wert wont to gaze,
There comes a voice, borne coldly hitherward—
Can it be thine, oh cruel Soul, that speaks?—
"Dust thou hast been, to dust thou shalt return!"

Heart's-Ease.

NOTHING but roses," she cried,
Lifting her hand with a petulant pride.
High shone the sun with his eastern glow,
And the morning zephyrs, sweet and slow,
Passed carelessly, as dream-thoughts go,
As she stood by the gate of the cottage low.

"Nothing but roses! My brow is fair,
And silken and soft is my sunny hair:
And my eyes! ah, a royal king might care
For the wonderful beauty my dark eyes wear!
Nothing but roses! Take away these—
Daisies and cowslips, born beneath trees
In the wildwood! Crown me with flowers
Princesses wear in their festal hours!
Roses! I am but lowly born—
(Hark! I heard the sound of a huntsman's horn:
Quick, gather me roses and weave me a wreath,
With the red ones above and the white ones beneath!

I will make a fair picture against the sky,
As the Earl and his friends go sweeping by!)
Roses for me!" she cried,
"Proud and queenly roses!"

"Gather me Heart's-ease!"
Sadly she sighed. "Take away these!"
Low hung the sun in the western sky,
And the wild March wind went wailing by,
As the lady sate in her bannered hall
(The fairest room in the castle tall);
And her faithful hound against her knee
Laid his rough forehead wistfully.

"Gather me Heart's-ease! Take them away—
These flaunting roses, so bold and gay!
The yearning heart in my lonely breast
Beats strangely against this velvet vest,
And the rare white lace against my cheek
Flutters most weirdly when I speak:
These lordly walls and turrets high
Shut me away from the free blue sky;
And my lord, when we join in their stately games,
Compares me coldly with high-born dames!

Ah, to be free from this senseless whirl,
With my daisies again—a village-girl!
Gather me Heart's-ease—take away these!
Bring me sweet blossoms born beneath trees
In the wildwood! Take away these!
Gather me Heart's-ease," she sighed,
"Humble and lowly Heart's-ease!"

Faithful unto Death.

NO sunbeam lit the desolated field
Of Chickamauga; and no kindly star
With pitying eye looked down upon the wreck,
Which battle's waves, receding, left behind.
There fathers strewed the turf, and brothers there
Locked arms in death—there blood-wet flags
Trailed over miles of slain; but black-browed night
Gloomed over all, and strange, sad silence reigned
Where late the strife had been, save only groans
Of men who strived with Death as they to-day
Had fought with bannered foes!

Close by a heap
Of ghastly forms that choked a little stream,
A stalwart soldier, with a fearful wound
Across his bosom, lay; and o'er his face
A fitful torchlight played. His comrades stood
With folded arms and tearless eyes about him,
For why should soldiers weep? His was an eye
Of fierceness, and his hand, a hand of steel;
His foot as firm as ever bent the grass

On Texan prairies,—for he was a Texan,
And with Hood's battle-worn Brigade, his form
Was ever in the thickest of the fight!
But he was dying now; and dying too
As soldiers should—no timid tear choked up
His utterance, for Freedom sent him forth
To stand a picket through the gloomy night
Of war, and tyranny, and crime—and death
Had found him "*at his post!*"

"Dying? Yes, I know,
For every breath but widens this deep wound,
This wound across my breast! 'Twas a stout blade
That tall, proud soldier carried: and it found
A victim too; for of the gash it made
I'm dying, dying fast!

"Say 'good-bye' for me, boys,
To all our old Brigade—its ranks are thinned
More than ever by this last battle—I
Am marching life's last mile with a long line
Of comrades! To the rest, boys, say 'good-bye:'
A few more fights will bring us all together.

"A few more fights
Will bring us all together!—those who fell
At Sharpsburg and at Richmond; those who died

At Gettysburg and at Manassas. Well,
The old Brigade must yield its place of pride
After a few more fights!

"To-morrow's bugle-call
Will rouse me not; for see this dark, red stream
Glide slowly down these slender blades of grass!
A 'message,' did you say, for those who love—
A token for the 'loved at home?' Alas,
I have no 'loved at home!'

"Do you remember, boys,
The night before that awful battle on the plain
Of bullet-scarred Manassas, how the foe,
Encamped so near us, raised the dear old strain,
With drum and fife, of 'Home, sweet Home?' And oh!
Do you remember, boys,

"How you all wept,
With melted hearts, at thought of Texan groves,
Where nestled love-lit cottages, with forms
Of pride and loveliness within? where prayers
Went round the hearths that you might clear the storms?
When you all wept

"At thought of how the morrow
Might cloud those cottages with gloom, *I* stood
And gazed upon the clouds with tearless eye,
And thought, unmoved, on all the wounds and blood;
For, boys, *I had no 'loved at home!'* who cared how I
Might fare upon the morrow!

"I had a mother once:
She loved me, wayward as I was; but she is dead,
And springs unnumbered mourn around her tomb.
A little sister too there was, whose fairy head
Hath long since slept beside her mother! Gloom
And sin had almost hid them from me!

"There is a brother yet,
A brother younger far than I, who wears
Our mother's softness in his eyes; but he,
God help him! in some Northern prison lies.
I never felt before how sad it is to be
Alone in the world!

"Yet stay—at Fredericksburg,
The lady with the gentle eyes, who came
And blessed us as we passed—her voice was low
And like an angel's—could you learn her name
And take this ring (my mother's long ago),
And bid her wear it?

"Yes! I'd like to meet my mother;
But the prayer I used to know, that prayer
I somehow have forgot—what must I say?
That sins may be forgiven, and earthly care
Grow dimmer as I pass the gloomy way
That leads to Heaven?

"To Heaven!
There's no guard-duty up there, is there? no roar
Of bomb-shells, and no flash of sabre-blade?
No weary marches when the feet are sore?
No wounded comrades on the rough field laid,
In Heaven?

"No battles there!
No need of sabre or of trusty gun!
And yet—in Texas once, upon the frontier line,
I saw a Comanche buried, and *his* trusty gun
Was laid beside him *close!* Oh, may not mine
Be buried with me?

"I'm getting faint—
Do not the stars burn low? You said that Hood
Was wounded—is it true? Oh, friends, if he
Should die, you will avenge his death?
How is he?—Boys, speak louder, for you see
I'm growing faint.

" a grand Earl woos
ve-eyed and fair?
t in Royie's braids
: king might wear?

. unds the Earl's love-song,
wn crown seems dim!
. es with boughten gems—
. d by him!

"'Better!' Oh, thank God!
Now burn the stars, methinks, with grander light,
Now soars our flag with prouder, stronger wing;
I wish I were not quite so faint—the cheer,
Which all our battle-fields have heard, should ring
Upon this heavy air!

"But I'm 'relieved' now;
Death, the officer, has 'gone his rounds' to-night:
My time is up! I'm mustered out of the line.
There's my old musket—is the bayonet bright?
But no matter, now, whether it gloom or shine,
For I'm off duty.

"But I've been faithful, boys;
And when you get to dear old Texas, tell her,
That though I had nor home, nor child, nor wife,
Nor aught that makes life sweet—oh, tell her, boys,
That I, for her, amid the blood and strife,
Was 'FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.'"

"In a Half-Dream."

DREAM, I dream of a shadowy slope,
Away in a forest old,
With the sunbeams lacing across and across
Like threads of the finest gold.

And the gray moss waving fitfully
On the limbs of the grand old trees,
And the wind-flowers trembling to the heart
With the never-sated bees;

And the harebell shrinking, like a girl,
From the passionate breath of noon;
And the dusky tents of a gipsy-camp
Over the hill-side strewn.

My face (let me dream!) my face is fair,
'Gainst the brown of this stately oak,

As I carelessly lean on its knotted trunk
In my scarlet hood and cloak!

He watches the light on my tawny hair,
My Gipsy, swarthy and bold!
(He stands before me with folded arms,
—The story is centuries old!)

He says that it gleams like orient gold,
Where the midsummer sunlight lies!
—Ah, how my eager heart is steeped
In the glow of his starry eyes!

And he bows his proud and princely head
My lightest word to heed,
But he wreathes his hand, unconsciously,
In the mane of his ebon steed,

Whose rein lies on his arm:—alas,
That my jealous heart should stir
With a sense of pain at this mute caress—
The frail, fond worshipper!

My godlike Love, my glorious Love!
My Love with the midnight eyes!
(The heart cannot dream a dream so fair,
Save under midsummer skies.)

What do I care that a grand Earl woos
  Young Norna, dove-eyed and fair?
What is it to me that in Royie's braids
  Shine gems that a king might wear?

Harsh and strange sounds the Earl's love-song,
  And the King's own crown seems dim!
—Ah, twine your tresses with boughten gems—
  I love, and am loved by him!

Four Years.

I.

Morning—On Picket.

YOU never saw her, Victor? Well,
This City by the Sea—
This dream of dazzling domes, that rise
So tall, and white, and free—
This dream, that stretches far and wide
Its clustering palaces,
That breathes its life from strange bright flowers,
And rare mysterious trees,—

Ah! you should see it, with its spires
Aflame with golden Day;
Its fleet of fluttering sails, that wait
About the waveless Bay;
The gray gulf lying prone like sleep,
With waves that rise and fall,
And south winds bringing music in—
And Summer over all.

I love the sea—not as you love,
Who knew it when a child,
But with man's first love for woman, strong
And stormy, fierce and wild!
—That morning up and down the sands
I walked beside the sea,
My heart exultant as its waves,
As restless—and as free.

—A flash of snowy robes—a gleam
Of rounded arms, half seen,
A dainty, fringéd, flowing scarf
Of palest, shimmering green!
She stood within a wreath of foam
Upon the sands that lay,
And child-like stretched her hands to meet
The pearl-drops of the spray!

I never saw, in all my dreams,
A face so like a dream!
The low brow, with its folded hair,
Its star-like, distant gleam;
The tender mouth, the parted lips
That smiles so rarely swept
(And yet methought a morning-light
Upon them alway slept).

And ah, her eyes—her wondrous eyes!
I cannot name their hue;
Now steel-gray to their farthest depths,
And now a sentient blue;
But oftener, when a mystic light
Upon their lids would rest,
A sea-green shadow o'er them came—
And then I loved her best.

The emerald gloom was in their deeps
That day beside the sea,
And careless that I stood so near,
She whispered dreamily,
"She sings a pæan for Our Cause,
Our Mother here, the Sea!"
And then she turned her queenly head
And flashed a glance on me.

[Crouch down! Is that a human form
Beneath yon thick-leaved vine?
Don't fire!—at least not yet; you know
'Twill rouse the entire line!
There, where that gleam of dawn-light falls,
A deer, with antlered head!
What would you give now for one shot?
Gone. Ah, mark his stealthy tread!]

And—well, I loved Her! Blessed days
  And golden days that passed!
With silent glory from the skies
  Upon their fulness cast.
She loved me! Ah, the dainty head
  That leaned against my breast!
The morning face, the drooping eyes!
  The tender lips I pressed!

Oh, glorious days that glided by!
  Oh, Island in the Sea!
Oh, dream-like City, where I wooed
  My pale, proud Beverly!
Nay, Victor, "words are naught," I know,
  But Love hath signs more nigh;
God's purest angels might be false,
  If such a face could lie!

II.

The Battle-Flag.

It gleamed above our Old Brigade,
It led the deadly charge we made,
I saw it toss our Texan yell
Along the battle's maddest swell!

And when their pointed steel we met,
With swords unsheathed and bayonets set,
Against the storm of stifling rain
It swept our gallant riflemen !

Three times I felt it sink from sight,
Its bearer stricken in the fight ;
But, as one fell, another came
To bear our burning oriflamme !

And still, with all its stars unrolled,
But blood on every glittering fold,
Above our worn, victorious lines,
Its blended blue-and-scarlet shines !

[*Away, beneath the sloping West,*
Small fingers shaped its glowing crest,
And, mindful of the coming strife,
Woke all its glorious stars to life !]

Oh, royal Flag ! three forms are still,
Who bore thee o'er yon bloody hill !
Woo vengeance to our battle-blades,
Thou leader of our bold brigades !

Wave high, oh scarlet folds and blue,
Above the gallant and the true !
Shine out, oh, splendid stars, and light
Our thinning columns through the night !

III.

Dining with Duke Humphrey.

We've left our Brigade far behind, and so
We've "time to dine." Stop here, this shade is best.
Our haversacks are somewhat bare I know ;
But no matter—the turf is pleasant, let us rest

And dream. Behold this forest grand and wide !
See how it spreads itself into an ovate hall,
With high arched windows slit in either side,
And flowers festooned about the frescoed wall ;

And loaded tables down the shining floors,
And costly dishes set with viands rare,
And music sweeping through the lofty doors,
And perfume falling from the freighted air ;

And well-trained servants, moving soft as dreams
Behind the chairs ; and pictures on the wall ;
And, with the languid air that o'er us streams,
An antique grace broods o'er the stately hall.

And rare-wrought silver on the damask glows,
And lithe and lissom forms around us beam
(Like those on Mahmoud's dreaming sight that rose),
With hearts that glow, and sunny eyes that gleam.

And SHE is here, with all the nameless grace
  She wore that summer by the gray old sea—
My pearl, with orient light upon her face,
  And love within her sweet eyes bent on me !

Now, lift your goblet with its rim of gold :
  What years on years forgotten has it lain
In dim, dark cellars, dank with clinging mould,
  This bubbling flood of amber-hued champagne !

Wild dreams of eyes that flash and hearts that burn,
  Came with that long, long draught of St. Peray ;
Now, let me gather, with this deep Sauterne,
  The softer memories of a love-steeped day.

What holds that quaint-shaped basket near you ? Fruits
  From under tropic skies across the sea—
Where winds, rich alway with the sound of lutes,
  Steal over valleys where rare gardens be ?

Were they tended by sweet daughters of the sun,
  These rich bananas with their golden tinge ?
Have darkest eyes the world has looked upon,
  Dreamed dreams beneath their broad leaves' drooping
    fringe ?

What vows have wandered through the orange aisles,
  Where these bright spheres among the shadows grew !

What old, sweet sounds have stirred the heart to smiles,
Where those dark berries drank in twilight dew !

How click the glasses 'round our festal board !
Methinks I never saw so fair a feast :
How sweet each smile, how soft each whispered word !
'Tis like some fairy vision of the East !

Hark ! through the music's soft, mysterious flow,
I seemed to catch a wild, familiar note !
A quick, sharp sound ; not like the fairy-slow
Waltz-strains about the lighted hall that float.

I seem, amid this sweet, enchanted scene,
To dream of weary nights and long wild days :
Of death-strewn fields, where trampling hosts had been,
Of gathered groups around the camp-fire's blaze.

Dim grows our flower-wreathed hall, and on the breeze
The tender faces and the lissom forms take flight.
.....Toss me that biscuit, Victor !—through the trees
I see our columns wheeling into sight !

IV.

Two Letters.

I.

Among the dainty-chosen words
There lurks a portion of her grace ;
And, bending o'er the snowy page,
I seem to see my darling's face !
I seem to see her in the room
Whose windows open to the sea,
With wistful shadows in her eyes,
And thoughtful brow—my Beverly !

The faint perfume upon the page
Brings back a memory of the day
I left a kiss upon her lip
And sought the opening of the fray ;
The same perfume was round her then—
It seemed upon the air to be :
I lay your letter near my heart—
Now, may God bless you, Beverly !

II.

I hurried o'er the trampled field ;
He called me feebly as he fell—

A Yankee sergeant, with his side
  Torn rudely with a piece of shell—
A fair-faced Boy, with girlish lips,
  And eyes that seemed to smile alway :
He led their iron charge, and yet
  I could have kissed him where he lay,

So fair and pure he seemed ! He placed
  This letter in my hand : he said
He could not bear to have it touched
  By careless hands when he was dead.
And then he died : the letter here—
  The blood upon it still is wet—
I read naught of the tale it tells,
  Only the name signed—"Margaret."

Sister she may have been—or wife—
  Or dearer than all words can tell ;
But what sweet secret has been theirs,
  Yon silent heart will keep it well !
Oh, watcher, in your distant home,
  He loved you best, whose star is set !
I read *that* in his dying eyes :
  God help you !—unknown Margaret !

V.

LEE AT THE WILDERNESS.

'Twas a terrible moment!
The blood and the rout!
His great bosom shook
With an awful doubt.
Confusion in front,
And a pause in the cries;
And a darkness like night
Passed over our skies:
There were tears in the eyes
Of General Lee.

As the blue-clad lines
Swept fearfully near,
There was wavering yonder,
And a break in the cheer
Of our columns unsteady;
But, "WE ARE HERE! *We* are ready
With rifle and blade,"
Cried the Texas Brigade
To General Lee.

He smiled—it meant death,
That wonderful smile;
It leaped like a flame
Down each close-set file:

And we stormed to the front
  With a long, loud cry—
We had long ago learned
  How to charge, and to die.
  There was faith in the eye
    Of General Lee.

But a sudden pause came,
  As we dashed on the foe,
And our seething columns
  Swayed to and fro :
Cold grew our blood,
  Glowing like wine,
And a quick, sharp whisper
  Shot over our line,
As our ranks opened wide ;
And there by our side
    Rode General Lee.

How grandly he rode !
  With his eyes on fire,
As his great bosom shook
  With an awful desire !
But, "Back to the rear !
  Till you ride to the rear,
We will not do battle
  With gun or with blade !"
  Cried the Texas Brigade
    To General Lee.

And so he rode back ;
  And our terrible yell
Stormed up to the front ;
  And the fierce, wild swell,
And the roar and the rattle,
Swept into the battle
  From General Lee.

I felt my foot slip
  In the gathering fray—
I looked, and my brother
  Lay dead in my way.
I paused but one moment,
  To draw him aside :
Ah, the gash in his bosom
  Was bloody and wide !
But he smiled, for he died
  For General Lee !

Christ ! 'twas maddening work ;
  But the work was done,
And a few came back
  When the hour was won.
Let it glow in the peerless
Records of the fearless—
The charge that was made
By the Texas Brigade
  For General Lee.

VI.

Passing the Love of Women.

"Home!" Words was ever a word so sweet?
I have my fortune at last:
I feared our colonel would hear my heart
'Twas beating so loud and fast:
But then I thought of you, lying here,
With your young life wasting away,
And so I came by the general's tent:
....And you go in my place—I say.

No thanks. Remember the early time,
What a frail, slight boy I was:
And you, with the strongest arm in the ring—
The fleetest foot on the grass.
You were my champion then. You know
How your dark eyes flashed the day
"Big Harry" bullied me! Ah! old friend!
Those are debts I love to pay!

Now, look at the strength in my lifted arm,
And you, with your languid air!
—You will stroll by the streams we knew so well,
With their waters glancing fair,

And the long, green prairies under the sky,
  Stretching so vast and wide,
And the clumps of trees on the low, round knolls,
  And the paths with flowers beside.

And ah! you will dream in my fairy-land,
  In my City beside the Sea;
You will look on my darling's face, and read
  A token of love and me!
She will like you, Victor—(she knows you, too,
  From my letters); and take her this,
A hurried scrawl—now, don't forget—
  And carry my Love a kiss.

There goes the tap of the warning drum—
  Did I tell you we march to-day?
The order came but an hour ago—
  For Maryland, they say.
Here moves our Flag—no star is set,
  Tell her, beneath its sky;
You will see her, Victor; now don't forget—
  Your hand—God bless you—good-bye!

VII.

Among the Graves.

I led him from the field
  That awful night:
Mildred, here is his grave—
  This, to the right.
His head was on my breast
  When his spirit passed:
His sister—he spoke of you
  At the very last.
I wrapped his blanket close,
  His funeral pall,
And laid him where he sleeps:
  God love us all!

"God love you, Philip Ware,
  For your noble heart!
Going? Oh, stern and cold,
  Is it thus we part?
You pillowed my brother's head
  Upon your breast,
Ah! how my poor heart pleads
  For the same dear rest!
Oh, Philip! by the hours

Our childhood knew,
Ere Fate unclasped our hands,
And the world was true,
Give me a tithe of the love
I give to you,
Philip Ware,
I have loved you so long—so hopelessly!

"My poor, poor heart!
I lash it back from my lips
When it would spring
Exultant forth at your approach—
Poor, quivering thing.
But I cannot keep it down,
Or hush its cries,
For it will climb up and gaze on you
Out of my eyes,
Philip Ware!
Save when they are blind with bitter tears—
As they are now!"

Mildred! do you see Paul's grave
Here at your feet,
With the grasses green above
And the blossoms sweet?
Ah! would you had been there
Where your brother lies,

Or ever the look you are wearing now
Came into your eyes.
Down by the singing sea,
In her beauty rare,
There is one with the tenderest eyes,
And her face is fair—

"*I love you,* Philip Ware!
With all her grace
She cannot love, with her wary eyes
And her pale, tame face.
I love you, Philip Ware;
And there is a Land
Where you and I and she will meet,
And understand!
And on that blessed shore
We will both be fair!
And I? I loved you best;
You will choose Me there,
Philip Ware!
Mine, and mine only then, Philip—
Forever mine!

VIII.

A Line.

The tasselled corn was waving then,
The grass was green about,
For when you left 'twas June, but now
The year is dying out.
And ah, the weary miles we've marched,
The cities we've seen blaze !
The long, vain, hopeless, restless nights,
The mad, victorious days !

We've fought by morning's amber light,
And 'neath the cold, round moon :
And last year's graves are old, beside
The mounds we've heaped since June.
Our Old Brigade ! along the lines
A flinchless front it seems :
We gather close to fill the gaps).
Its dead are by the streams,

And on the bosky mountain-side,
And in the murky glen :
They've fallen thickest always where
The hottest fire has been.

Poor Paul, he sank at Malvern Hill,
  Our colors in his hand,
And Charley by the river-side,
  And Will in Maryland :

And since you left, there's Richard gone.
  —Alas ! my heart is sore,
With numbering up the gallant boys
  Who fight our fields no more !
—And you ? Ah, Victor, Texan skies
  A wondrous glow have shed
Upon your brow ! a buoyant spring
  Is in your very tread.

You saw her, Victor ? in her home
  That looks toward the sea ;
And read you in her eyes a tale
  That told of love and me ?
And through the long, sweet summer morns,
  And in the fragrant eves,
Spake she of me among the flowers,
  And 'neath the clustering leaves ?

She sent me letters ? Ah, I knew
  Her dearest hours were mine !
Ha, Victor, all ?—and on the sheet
  Scarcely a single line.

I thought—no matter—She had dreamed
Such tender dreams of me,
She thought I felt them from afar,
My sweet, true Beverly!

IX.

Surrender.

Once more, oh, scarlet folds and blue,
The proud winds flout!
Once more above the brave and true,
Roll grandly out!
Once more, oh, scarred and conquered few,
As in the deathless days ye knew,
Once more upon the swift winds strew
Your battle-shout!

What reck we that the conquering foe
Before us stands—
Our swords, with all their princely glow,
In his red hands?
Though he hath lain our standards low,
Though he hath seen our best blood flow,
He cannot quench our hearts' grand glow
With all his bands.

We've seen his gathered legions sweep
Along our plains,
We've seen his red flames swirl and leap
About our fanes;
We've seen our wives and mothers weep—
God! will our vengeance ever sleep,
Or Woe her station cease to keep
Upon our plains?

Who mutters aught of lasting shame?
The brave who died;
And they who live won deathless fame
Here, side by side.
Fling proudly back the taunt of shame,
Remembering all your fields of fame,
And brightlier burn, oh, souls of flame!
—Your time abide.

Our guns are stacked along his lines:
Exultantly
The light upon his banner shines.
But we? Ah, we
No more along our veteran lines
Shall hear the bugle-blast that winds
The battle-call. No more our lines
Will follow Lee!

—But wave, oh, scarlet folds and blue,
Ay, wave your last

I see the streams of brave old blood
  Go rushing by my feet :
I hear the hoarse wild cries that break
  Where clashing squadrons meet :

I hear the calm, sweet voice of Hood
  Float down our flinchless files :
I see his blue eyes flash and burn
  Along the battle aisles :
I feel my bosom thrill and leap
  When skirmishers are met :
I see myself a creeping scout,
  A stealthy, lone vidette :

I live again that awful day
  We saw our leader ride
Along our sad and silent ranks,
  The sword gone from his side!
I feel the fire run through my blood,
  My nerves grow strong again—
—Oh for one wild and glorious hour
  Like those we rushed through then !

Off duty, too, my heart ; and yet
  They come, those wildering dreams,
Like morning-red that gilds the hills,
  And glorifies the streams.

Oh, glorious days that glided by !
  Oh, island in the sea !
Oh, fairy city where I wooed
  My pale, false Beverly !

I seem to see her where she stood
  That morning by the sea :
I cherish still the thrill I felt
  When flashed her glance on me :
I draw her dainty-shapen head
  Against my heaving breast :
I seem to feel her tranquil lips
  Upon my forehead pressed.

I feel again a thought of her
  Steal through the rushing fight—
—And dimly then my vision dies
  Along the rising night :
I see my garnered hopes go by,
  I feel my faith depart :
Off duty, and our banner furled—
  Off duty, too, my heart.

That slender woman by the graves,
  Rent with impassioned sighs,
Who laid her heart beneath my feet—
  Were her dark Southern eyes

False as this early dream I dreamed?
. . . . . Oh, forehead like a star!
And emerald eyes so tender! Bah!
What lies these women are!

New-Year's Eve.

* * * * * *

AND then we sought the darkened room,
And stood beside the silent hearth,
And there, within the half-lit gloom,
We waited for the Midnight Birth.

The fitful firelight faintly shone
Upon the lady sad and fair,
With clusters of the weird yûpon
Flashing most scarlet in her hair.

But, like the large stars, yellow-bright,
That glow in Southern summer skies,
So beamed the sweet, unaided light,
Within her phosphorescent eyes.

On all our living hopes we thought,
Our sweet dead hopes that buried lay;
Of what the dying year had brought,
And what, alas! it took away.

We spoke of sweet May's sunny prime;
And lightly June had bent the reeds,
And fairily young April's chime
Had rustled through the broad-leaved weeds.

We talked of Summer's wide calm eves
(And then methought the lady smiled),
Its drooping flowers and stirless leaves,
Its light-toned breezes, soft and mild;

Of Autumn's dimly-golden days,
That wandered by like fairy dreams,
The deep-dyed woods, the mellow haze,
The silver mist upon the streams.

But when we spoke of Winter's close,
Unto my bounding heart how near
I pressed the ever-glowing rose
I gathered from the dying year!

And while her voice went o'er the tale
Of budding flower or changing leaf,
So sadly sweet it rose and fell,
It charmed my very soul to grief.

And buried memories, cold and gray,
Came thronging near, a mocking band:
Ah, how the past seemed to obey
The motion of her white, white hand!

(Her hand, so white, so purely white,
All day before my eyes that gleams;
And, like a spirit-hand, last night
I saw it waving in my dreams).

And through the talk, that flowed like rhyme
My heart still blessed the dying year,
Because that in its earliest prime
It taught my soul to lean on her.

And, when the midnight stroke began,
Her heart beat warm against my cheek,
And, in the thrill that o'er it ran,
I felt the prayer she scarce could speak.

But, when the passing hour was told,
A strange hush fell between us two:
Dear friend, so well we loved the Old,
We could not yet embrace the New!

The Battle of Galveston.

THE moon, with shrouded face, sank low, and veiled
her pallid pride,
As the moaning Gulf-winds whispered how the Old
Year drooped and died :
The curling waves sung sadly, and the solemn stars arose,
And like dying watchfires faintly glowed above our sleeping foes.

On Texas soil his lonely round the wakeful sentry kept,
'Neath Texan groves, 'mid Texan homes, our careless foemen slept ;
His ships, like sheeted spectres, strode the shadow-mantled sea,
And his bristling guns, like dragons, dared the bosoms of the free.

His banner o'er the sleeping host in triumph floated high,
Nor dreamed how soon in low defeat its fluttering folds would lie ;

His watch-fires glittered through the gloom that palled the hush of night,
Nor dreamed how soon his rushing blood would quench their sullen light.

Like sea-gulls flitting o'er the wave our little gunboats flew;
Each hand that grasped a sword was strong, each heart was warm and true.
Like shadows stole our little band along the silent shore;
Each hand that grasped a gun was nerved, and firm each bosom-core.

A friendly greeting thrilled across, watchword of liberty,
From our Rangers of the Prairies to our Rangers of the Sea;
And each heart beat quick, each bosom heaved, and glittered every sword,
As our "*Cœur de Lion*" led the van, and gave the battle-word.

The battle-word! it clashed the air, it shook the silent night,
It rung upon the startled waves, "For Freedom and for Right!"
And a deadly New-Year's greeting thundered madly on the breeze,
Sent by our gallant leader to the strangers on our seas.

The sheeted spectres started, and the bristling dragons woke,
And o'er the shrouded shore the sound of deadly combat broke,
As the New-Year's greeting, rattling on, a deadly message bore
Through ghostly gloom and darkness, from our Rangers on the shore.

Like tigers, all athirst for blood, our gunboats left the shore,
And greedily they lapped the tide made warm by mingled gore.
They sought the white-sailed strangers with a peal of stormy drums ;
And waves that lashed their sombre hulks were crowned with crimson plumes,
As the deadly New-Year's greeting rattled wildly on the breeze,
Sent to the mad usurpers by our Rangers on the seas !

Yea, "last words" died on whitening lips, and hearts were reft of blood,
And fairy hopes and morning hopes died in the crimson flood ;
And brows grew cold, and eyes grew dim, and young breasts calm and cold,
And hearts were stilled for whose proud drops no funeral bell is tolled !

The midnight, sinking from the sea, saw hearts with hope
on fire :
The morning, floating on the wave, saw hopes and hearts
expire.
But midnight saw a stranger-flag float gayly on the breeze,
And morning told how Rangers swept that signal from the
seas !

Midsummer Madness.

MINE eyes do ache
And burn in this wild glare of Love's mid-
noon ;
And crimson-hearted flowers about me strewn,
With their hot fragrance keep my heart awake

When it would sleep,
And fain forget its yearnings after thee,
In long, vain hours, as prone before thy knee
It lies, and begs thy smile, but cannot weep.

Thou dost not smile
In these vain hours, but scourgest me along
With scorn upon thy mouth, and gibing song—
Oh, cruel Soul ! art *thou* so free of guile ?

For thy dear sake
My heart has worn its crown of thorns, and bled
With most divine endurance in the dead
Midnight of passion, when most hearts do break !

Breathe but one breath
From pitying lips upon my pleading brow :
So may my heart in that sweet moment glow
With the great glory of a godlike death !

Kindness—A Simple Tale.

IT is a simple story, told me once
At twilight, when the long, long summer day
Had purpled into eve, and shadows slept,
And winds were silent, and the plumy pines,
That sweep about our door, had hushed their sighs.
Come now, it is the same sweet hour, and here
Beside this mossy fount, where willow-boughs
Bend softly down, and Spring's first breath has kissed
The lilies into bloom—here let us rest ;
And while the shades grow deep, and stars come out,
Mayhap the tale will touch thy kindly heart,
As on that summer eve it melted mine.

Once, homeward bound, on Afric's unknown coast,
A gallant ship was wrecked, and precious lives
Upon the waves were strewn, as Autumn leaves
Are scattered on November winds, and cries
Of desolation mounted madly up.
But cries were vain, and agonizéd prayers

Were unavailing, and the barque went down ;
And Indian pearls sank with it, and the gold
From Eastern mines, and gems whose flashing rays
Had outshone all save eyes that sparkled near ;
And more than these—the mad and reckless waves
Closed o'er the true and brave ! closed over cheeks
That glowed with love and light ! closed over hearts
That beat with pride and hope ! closed sadly o'er
The brow of lovely woman, and the breast
Of lordly man !

But on the savage shore
A handful of the hardy crew was cast.
Far to the South, across the trackless deeps
Of strange and mighty forests, rose the spires
Of English villages, where friendly hands
Would cheer the weary and protect the weak.
And so they plunged, that sad and helpless few,
Deep in those wild, wide woods—no guide but hope,
No weapon but despair !

They struggled on—
Thorns pierced their feet, and hunger shook
Their fainting breasts : for long, long days
The sun beat down with sickening heat ;
And then came drenching rain, and one by one
They fainted on that unknown way, no more
In all this world's wide waste to meet their loved !
But 'mid the band a little child, a boy

Scarce numbering seven careless years, was borne;
And they who gave him being had gone down
To sleep beneath the hollow-sounding sea.
And with those toiling men the child became
A charge sublime! Through all those awful scenes,
Day after day, they bore him in their arms;
Through deep, deep sands, and tangled thickets, where
The poison-vines grew rank and dark and high:
They nursed his fading form so tenderly!
They gave him food and drink when they themselves
Were famishing!

With woman-tenderness they smoothed his hair,
And soothed him when he wept. They cradled him
Against their sunburnt breasts, and sang the songs
His mother used to sing, even when their hearts
Were breaking, and their souls were faint; and once,
When a great, wild river barred their course,
They formed a tiny raft of floating trees,
And swam the unsteady stream, and pushed the boat
With careful hands before them—for *he* lay,
Their sacred charge, upon it. Lions prowled
At noonday in their paths, and tigers glared
With savage eyes upon them. Sore beset
By death in all his ghastly shapes, not once
—Oh, Father, blessed be Thy holy name
For kindliness!—not once in all those days,
Those awful days, did they forget the child!

They struggled on—and death and famine came
And dwelt like brothers in their midst! One drooped
At morn, another drooped at noon. One sank
O'erwearied at the river's marge; another sank
Exhausted on the plain: and thus they fell
Like milestones on that dismal road; and when
They were but few (though still they struggled on),
At last, one morn, in that wild forest, where
The lindens sang in unknown tongues, and palms
In all their strange grand beauty stood, and vines,
"Like those that hung about the doors at home,"
Clung round the trunks of many-whispering trees—
That morn, o'erworn with care and agony,
Exhausted by the long night's sleepless watch,
They rose,
And softly stirred about, lest careless sounds
Should wake the boy, who slumbered by the fire,
The softest moss beneath him, and his breast
Shielded by the sailors' ragged jackets.

When all was ready, one whose turn it was
To carry him that day, came where he lay,
And stood beside him as he slept, and stooped
And softly breathed his name. Life tinged the skies;
Life sat upon the trees, and breathed its power
Upon the rushing winds and nodding flowers;
Life sparkled on the streams, life warmed the earth—
The fire alone was dying—*and the child was dead!*

Death is a bitter thing! I do not mean
For breaking hearts and bodies torn and wrecked
With sleepless vigils, and o'erworn with years;
I do not mean for eyes grown dim with grief,
For wasted cheeks, and withered, palsied hands—
But oh, for childhood, sunny childhood!
With untamed wings, and eager, dimpled hands
Outstretched to grasp life's rosy fruit! Alas!
The little barques that sail on unknown seas!
The little barques that break on unknown shores!
For sparkling eyes and rosy lips, young eyes
And rounded limbs, oh, death, a bitter thing
Thou art, a bitter, bitter thing!

The child was dead! and aching hearts were there,
To stretch beside the pallid form and weep!
Ay, had his mother stood beside the clay,
She had not known a holier grief than theirs!
The child was dead!
It seemed as if their hearts—all sepulchres—
Had lost the angel that till now had sat
Within their dark and lonesome glooms; the stone
Was rolled before the entrance evermore—
The child was dead!
And tears that hunger could not bring, nor pain
Nor last farewell, nor thoughts that came at night,
Of loved ones waiting anxiously at home
For footsteps nevermore to tend that way—

Yea, tears that grim despair had locked
Within his donjon-keeps, came leaping forth
From eyes unused to moisture, as they stood,
Those haggard men, around the tiny grave,
Scooped out by wasted hands in that wild spot!
How fair "the baby" seemed! his little hands
Laid calmly on his sunken, pulseless breast!
They heaped those strange sods o'er him; and one laid
A token he had cherished through it all,
Upon the tiny mound. They staggered off,
And, one by one, their footsteps died away.

Two only of that gallant, gallant band
Reached home and kindred; but oh, who can doubt
That when the sea of years has wrecked us all
Upon that unknown coast whence none return—
When, worn and haggard, we have gone the way
That all earth's loved must go; when time hath fled
Before eternity, and when the child hath met
His fellow-wanderers, those faithful, faithful friends,
Will they not walk among the blessèd there?
Ah, will not He, our Father, raise them up
With smiles among His chosen host, and say,
"As ye have done unto the least of these,
So also have ye done to Me!"

By the Sea.

IFE is a splendor, CASTLEMAINE,
Here by the sunlit sea,
With your strong heart beating close to mine,
And your dark eyes bent on me!
I hear the bells in the far-off town,
Calling poor souls to prayer,
But the voice of your heart, my own dear love,
Calls me to worship there!

There's a flush of scarlet, CASTLEMAINE,
Away to the open West,
That slants upon the sleeping wave,
And crimsons the sea-gull's breast.
But why should I gaze on the fading hues
That brighten the western skies,
When a light like fire rushes through my soul
From your deep and love-lit eyes?

But the shadows deepen, CASTLEMAINE,
And one will be waiting for me,

Waiting and watching, who thinks he holds
  My proud, proud heart in fee.
What dark form comes by the edge of the wood,
  Creeping so stealthily?
Is it *my* blood reddening the white, white sands,
  Here by the listless sea?

Death is a glory, CASTLEMAINE,
  Here by the tawny sea,
With your strong heart beating close to mine,
  And your dark eyes bent on me!
I hear the bells in the convent-town
  Ringing out mournfully;
A token forever to you, dear love,
  Of this hour by the lonely sea!

Stealing Roses Through the Gate.

ONG ago, do you remember,
When we sauntered home from school,
As the silent gloaming settled,
With its breezes light and cool?
When we passed a stately mansion,
And we stopped, remember, Kate,
How we spent a trembling moment
Stealing roses through the gate!

But they hung so very tempting,
And our eager hands were small,
And the bars were wide—oh, Kittie,
We trembled, but we took them all!
And we turned with fearful footstep,
For you know 'twas growing late,
But the flowers, we hugged them closely,
Roses stolen through the gate!

Well, the years have hasted onward,
And those happy days are flown:

Golden prime of early childhood,
Laughing moments spent and gone!
But yestre'en I passed your cottage,
And I saw, oh, careless Kate!
Handsome Percy bending downward,
Stealing roses through the gate!

Stealing roses, where the willow
O'er the street its long bough dips:
Stealing roses—yes, I'd swear it,
Stealing roses from your lips!
And I heard a dainty murmur,
Cooing round some blessed fate:
Don't deny it! Wasn't Percy
Stealing roses through the gate?

The River San Marcos.

FAR o'er the hills and toward the dying day,
Set like a heart, a living heart, deep, deep
Within the bosom of its wide prairies,
Lies the Valley of San Marcos. And there,
A princess roused from slumber by the kiss
Of balmy Southern skies, the river springs
From out her rocky bed, and hastens on
Far down the vale, to give her royal hand
In marriage to the waiting Gaudalupe.

Like some grim giant keeping silent watch,
While from his feet his recreant daughter flies,
Above, the hoary mountain stands, his head
Encircled by an emerald-pointed crown
Of cedars, strong as those of Lebanon,
That bow their sombre crests, and woo the wind,
Drunken with fragrance from the vale below.
About his brow, set like a dusky chain,
The mystic Race-Paths run—his amulet—
And nestled squarely 'gainst his rugged breast,

Perched quaintly 'mong the great scarred rocks that hang
Like tombstones on the mountain-side, the nest
The FALCON built still lingers, though the wing
That swept the gathering dust from off our shield,
Hath long since drooped to dust!
—Now wooed by dusky glooms on either side,
Now whirling round the craggy banks, now stayed
By tangled vines that stretch their arms across,
The river glideth farther from her sire.
Below, an ancient MILL, with laggard wheels,
Is mirrored in her glassy depths, and broad
The mill-race reaches out his arms, all decked
With pebble-stones, and fringed with purple flags,
And strives to bar her onward course—in vain,
For, nerved with sudden fear, she springs, and bright
Her rainbow garments glitter in the sun,
As on she pants toward the shallow ford.

And here, down sloping to the water's marge,
The fields, all golden with the harvest, come;
And here, the horseman, reining in his steed,
At eve, will pause and mark the village spires
Gleam golden in the setting sun, and far
Across a deeply furrowed field will glance
With idle eye upon a stately hill,
That, girt with cedars, rises like a king,
To mark the further limit of the field.
'Twas there, between the hill and river, stood

A shaded cottage ; and its roof was low
And dark, and vines that twined the porch but served
To hide the bleakness of its wall. But then
'Twas home, and "*Heaven is near us in our childhood.*"
And I was but a child ; and summer days,
That since have oftentimes seemed long and sad,
Were fleeter then than even the morning winds
That sent my brother's fairy bark, well-balanced,
In safety down the river's tide. Alas !
Is there, can there be aught in all the world
To soothe the sick soul to such perfect rest
As filled its early dreams ? Is there no fount,
Like that of old so madly sought by LEON,
Where the worn soul may bathe and rise renewed ?

And up and down the banks before our door,
Now gathering up the yellow lily-buds,
That lay like golden flagons on the stream,
Now idly bending down the ragged sedge
That rustled in the lazy summer breeze,
And now among the grape-vines, where they hung
In light festoons above the water-edge,
With careless step I roamed.

Well I remember,
Down where the river makes a sudden bend,
Below the ford, and near the dusky road,
Upon her bosom sleeps a fairy isle,

Enwreathed about with snowy alder-boughs
And tapestried with vines that bore a flower
Whose petals looked like drops of blood
(We called it "Lady of the Bleeding Heart").
And through it wandered little careless paths,
That writhed like wounded snakes among the beds
Of tufted grass; and o'er this living gem
The very skies seemed bluer, and the waves,
That rippled round it, threw up brighter spray.
Upon the banks for hours I've stood, and longed
To bask amid its shades; and when at last
My brother dragged, with wondrous care, his boat,
Rude-fashioned, small, and furnished with one oar,
Across the long slope from the stately hill
Where it was built, ne'er did Columbus' heart
Beat with a throb so wild upon that shore,
Unknown to any save to him, as ours
When, with o'erwearied hands and labored breath,
We steered in safety o'er the dangerous way,
And stood the monarchs of that fairy realm!
My brother, how I wish our wayward feet
Once more could feel that lordly pride—our hearts
Once more know all their cravings satisfied!

Sweet Valley of San Marcos! few are the years
That since have linked their golden hands and fled
Like spirits down the valley of the past—
And yet it seems a weary time to me!

Sweet River of San Marcos ! the openings seen
Between thy moss-hung trees, like golden paths
That lead through Eden to Heaven's fairer fields,
Show glimpses of the broad, free, boundless plains
That circle thee around. Thine own prairies !
How my sad spirit would exult to bathe
Its wings, all heavy with the dust of care,
Deep in their glowing beauty ! How my heart,
O'ershadowed with this cloud of gloom, would wake
To life anew beneath those summer skies !

My home is nestled now among the hills,
The wooded hills, like those of that fair State,
That queen among the daughters of the South,
That gave me birth ; and gayly flits the breeze
Among the boughs of oaks whose trunks
Are wedded with the rings of centuries :
And maples, cloaked like princes, wave their flags
Above the serried armies of the fern,
That march along the forest stream, where low
The beeches sweep their brightly-gleaming leaves ;
And one tall pine, a sentinel, keeps watch
Before my very door.
The trees, the forest-trees ! My heart beats full
And high beneath their stately limbs ! And yet,
At times methinks our mountain air seems thick ;
And the green tresses of our forest trees,
They choke my very breathing ! Then, then

I fain would spurn my native shades, and fain
Would sweep with untamed wing across the broad
And boundless prairies of the West, and breathe
My freedom back beneath unshadowed skies!

Oh, River of my childhood! fair Valley-Queen!
Within thy bosom yet at morn the sun
Dips deep his silver beams, and on thy tide
At night, the stars, the yellow stars, are mirrored;
Through emerald marshes yet thine eddies curl,
And yet that fairy isle in beauty sleeps
(Like her of old who waits the wakening kiss
Of some true knight to break her magic sleep),
And yet, heavy with purple cups, the flags
Droop down toward the Mill; but I—oh, I
No more will wander by thy shores, nor float
At twilight down thy glassy tide!—no more.
And yet, San Marcos, when some river-flower,
All swooning with its nectar drops, is laid
Before my eyes, its beauty scarce is seen
For tears which stain my eyelids, and for dreams
Which glide before me of thy fairy charms,
And swell my heart with longing,
Sweet River of San Marcos!

Hood's Old Brigade.

I.

On the March.

WAS midnight when we built our fires,
We marched at half-past three :
We know not where our march will lead,
Nor care—we follow Lee !
The starlight gleams on many a crest,
And many a well-tried blade :
This handful marching on the left—
This line is Our Brigade.

Our line is short, because its veins
So lavishly have bled :
The missing ? Search the countless plains
Whose battles it has led.
There are those Georgians on our right,
Their ranks are thinning too :
Ah, when our fields are won, I fear
The victors will be few !

There's not much talking down the lines,
  Nor shouting through the gloom,
For when the night is deepest, then
  We're thinking most of home.

I saw yon soldier startle, when
  We passed an open glade,
Where yellow starlight, leaf and flower,
  A fairy picture made.
Nor has he uttered word since then :
  My heart can whisper why—
'Twas like the spot in Texas, where
  He bade his love good-bye.

And when beyond us, carelessly,
  Some soldier sang "Adieu,"
My comrade here across his eyes
  His coarse sleeve roughly drew.
So, scarcely sound, save trampling feet,
  Is echoed through the gloom,
Because when stars are brightest, then
  We're thinking most of home.

Ha ! what an echo startles up,
  Around this rocky hill !
Was't shell, half-buried, struck my foot ?
  Or stay—a human skull !

This ridge I surely seem to know,
By light of yon dim moon—
We battled here three mortal hours
One Sunday afternoon!

Hush! for in front I heard a shot,
And then a well-known cry:
It is the foe! See where those flames
Mount up toward the sky!
It is the foe! Halt! rest we here,
And wait the coming sun,
And, ere these stars may shine again,
A field is lost or won!

Is won! It is our Old Brigade,
This line of stalwart men:
The "long-roll," how it thrills my soul
To hear that sound again!
God shield us, boys!—here breaks the day,
The stars begin to fade:
Now, steady there—fall in! fall in!
Forward, the Old Brigade!

II.

In Line of Battle.

We marched last night by the midnight stars,
And to-day in the light of the sun ;
Our banners wave and our muskets gleam,
And the fighting has just begun—
Has begun over there with our skirmishers,
In an angle of yonder wood,
But we, like bloodhounds, are held in leash
Till we catch the scent of blood !
We can see the battle from where we stand,
And its music begins to swell ;
Keep close, boys, close—for it rattles near,
That tempest of shot and shell !
I wonder if *we* will be needed there—
If the yell of our Old Brigade
Will chorus to-day, like the voice of death,
With the music of gun and blade !
If so, I am ready....The sun grows warm :
Whose knapsack lies there in the shade ?

Why, what a homelike look it wears,
That little blue flower, half-blown !
Gather it, will you ? there, by your foot,
Half under that grayish stone.

I remember the day I wooed my wife,
  Far away beneath Texan skies.
She wore on her bosom a blossom like this—
  (It was pale to the blue of her eyes!)
We call them "blue-bonnets" in Texas, where
  They cluster by every door.
So! let it droop from my cap: if I fight to-day,
  My badge is a Texas flower!

Hark! our guns are planted! yon rocky ridge
  Is a billow of murderous light!
There's the play of small-arms too! Look, boys!
  By heaven, 'tis a glorious sight!
My rifle thrills as those flashing beams
  On its polished barrel shine.
Yours? Toss it here! 'tis well enough,
  But not such a gun as mine!—
(What a deafening noise those cannon make!)—
  And I'll wager two to one
That mine has the longer bayonet,
  Though yours is the larger gun!—
There, I told you so! I expect they both
  Will be felt in the fight ere long;
But, "*Welcome Death*" ('tis haunting me,
  That fragment of Scottish song!)
I wonder if our general will be brave
  (He is new to us, you know).

There goes a division to the front—
  Well, blood was made to flow!

There's a shell! take care! and another! *Ha!*
  Poor boy! is he breathing still?
Quite dead. My God! what a terrible wound!
  Let him rest—he has battled well!
He has stood by my side through many a fight—
  (How the poor lad worshipped Lee!)
And, young as he was, he led a charge,
  You remember—in Tennessee.
To-day was his birth-day—so he said
  Last night, and a homesick tear
Came up in his eyes as he spoke, I thought,—
  The dawn of his nineteenth year!
His mother lives by the Gaudalupe,
  And he was her only son. . . .
What did that volley mean? Boys, stand close!
  The battle has but begun!

Yon long, dense mass—'tis the enemy! watch
  Our rifles their columns rake:
They will fly in a moment—they cannot breast
  The charge that those Georgians make!
But far to the left our lines advance
  Through a shower of leaden spray,
With firm, proud front—I would we were there,

With a charge to open the way!
How those whirling masses of iron shriek—
Grapeshot and canister!
And our men—it is raking them off by scores,
But the rest press in with a cheer!
It is terrible work! through the rifts of smoke
You can see the Federals fall,
Where their wavering columns break and fly
—Now the smoke, like a funeral pall,
Hangs heavy and gray over all.

Will our summons never come? My heart
Beats now like a battle-drum!
And our comrade dead—so, cover his face—
And yonder the wounded come:
There went a litter to the rear,
And here drags a heavy cart.
—For the bloody work that is done this day
There'll be many an aching heart!
But the smoke-cloud breaks! *Their flags and ours*
Are not thirty yards apart!

Will our summons *never* come? Our flag
Beats madly against the air,
And its blue and scarlet folds look down
On the battle with angry glare.
Why are we idle? I would that He,

In his "faded suit of gray,"
Whose only order, "charge bayonet,"
Has startled the foe away
From so many fields—Ah, boys, if he,
Old Stonewall, had led the day,
We stood not thus; but the farewell shot
Was fired o'er the Hero slain .....
Is that a courier coming this way?
There is blood on his horse's mane.
He speaks with Gregg: are your canteens filled,
And your muskets loaded? Hark!
The order has come! Are we ready, boys,
To aid in yon deadly work?
He bears him proudly, our general,
There's fire in his flashing eye!
Now, forward and steady! The Old Brigade
Has learned how to fight—*and to die!*
One thought for our homes 'neath sunset skies
In fairness and beauty lying;
No time for a prayer o'er the unburied dead,
No time for a glance at the dying:
But deep in yon sea of blood we plunge,
And blood—well, 'twas made to flow!
For Texas—Heaven bless! For our loved—God guard!
And for us—Ha, boys, *here's the foe!*

III.

Straggling to the Front.

[Without orders, Hood's Brigade drove the enemy from their intrenchments at Bermuda Hundreds, Va. General Lee remarked that men often straggle to the rear, but he had never before known them to straggle to the front.]

Well, boys, our bloody work is done,
And bravely done, our generals say:
That scarlet stream, yon piles of dead,
Are landmarks of our glorious way.
They say we're made of fighting stuff,
And, well, I think it must be true,
For here's one company; you know
How full the list was—now there's two:
Two left—that sweeping charge mowed down
The forms that bore the battle's brunt;
But, long as Texans keep the field,
There will be straggling to the front!

Our stack of muskets yonder, it
Will number less to-morrow night;
And so (how few we are), till all
Are missed from camp, missed from the fight.
We always strive to keep our line
Unbroken while our war-dogs hunt;

But when Lee leads, why then, somehow,
We can't help straggling to the front!

That mass of slain! O'er yonder ledge
I seem to see them flying still.
I have not felt so weary since
We made that charge at Gaines's Mill.
But call the mess up, let us group
Around the blaze as we are wont:
Ah, boys, our ranks are sadly thinned
By so much straggling to the front!

Pass round the corn—Ha! steady there!
Methought I heard a bugle blown,
And far along the woody copse
The echo of an answering tone.
We've jumped the game—That labored cry;
Hark! speaks it not the bloody hunt?
Hurrah, what cheers! Now, forward, boys!
Lee leads, let's straggle to the front!

Lament for a Stolen "Pet."

HARK ! I hear the swift ring of the bugle-call !
But no answering neigh from thine empty stall !
Thou wert wont to fly, at that shrill command,
To bend thy neck to thy master's hand ;
But the joyous rush of thy light, swift feet,
With its mystic ring and its echo sweet—
Ah, those musical sounds on the blossoming shore,
And the long, hard beach, will be heard no more !

Does that proud neck arch at the stranger's tone,
As it did when my trumpet-call was blown ?
And his hand, my beauty, oh, does it twine
In thy shining mane with a touch like mine ?
Dost thou follow his form with a wistful eye ?
Dost thou fret at thy rein when his step draws nigh ?
And ah, dost thou strain thy matchless speed
At the will of the stranger, my gallant steed ?

Thy master is lonely beside the sea,
In the noisy camp ! He cherished thee

Whilst others battled for flower or glove,
And the glittering toys in the court of love,
Or the guerdon from beauty's countless store—
Or which should be first on the festal floor.

And well might they strive! 'tis a high emprize,
An arrowy glance from a ladye's eyes;
But thine, oh, my beauty! sure something keeps
A human watch in their mystic deeps!

There are fair young forms in the lighted hall,
Whose blood keeps time to the music's call;
There are feet that are swift as the lightning's glance,
When they move like dreams in the mazy dance;
But thine, my lost darling, were fleeter far
(And softer the glow of the evening star
Than the light that fell from the shaded lamp!)
When we moved by the edge of the broad-spread camp,
Along the beach where the ocean-hymn
Grew deep and clear in the twilight dim!

Thy master is lonely beside the sea,
In the desolate place where he cherished thee!
Thy breast hath been bared, with his, to brave
The burning desert, the swelling wave;
We have threaded together the forest deeps,
We have climbed together their rocky steeps,
Together, with wild blood throbbing high,

We have shot o'er the plains 'neath the western sky!
Thou hast borne my form thro' the gloom of the fight,
From the widening morn to the gathering night;
Thou hast carried me proudly where grass was bent
By the strength from strong limbs sadly spent;
Thou hast gayly swept o'er the lonely wold,
When the night was fierce with a bitter cold.
Does the stranger tax thy glorious speed
With a cruel hand, my matchless steed?

Thy stall is empty; and where thou art,
Beats there for thee as warm a heart
As that thou hast left? Does the stranger's hand
Tighten thy bridle with fierce command?
Oh, where art thou? In the distant West,
Art thou spurning the turf on the prairie's breast?
Or, beyond where the Rio Grandé flows,
In the land of the orange, the land of the rose,
Has he given thy rein (where the leaves unfurl
With so free a grace) to some dark-eyed girl?

That dark-eyed maid, does she wreathe thy brow
With the rich, gay blossoms of Mexico?
And the hand that she lays on thy flowing mane,
Does it shine like a snow-flake under the rein?

Ah, well! but I know she loves thee not
As thy master loved! But, be fair thy lot

In that sunny land! I shall miss the high
Proud toss of thy head—(thou wert wont to go by
Like a fairy dream, or a lady's sigh) ;
Thine eyes with their luminous depths ; the curve
Of thy stately neck with each swelling nerve ;
Thy slender hoofs with their resonant beat!
Oh for the rush of thy fair, swift feet!
And oh for the touch of thy floating mane,
And the long, wild gallop across the plain—
For one more thrill of thy reckless speed,
My prairie darling! my beautiful steed!

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Glenfruin.

CASTLE tall, a castle old,
With tower and arch and donjon-keep,
And round its basement, icy-cold,
Broad streams of waveless waters creep.
So old! 'Twas when from that fair bower,
Where Peace, and Love, and Beauty dwelt,
The Angel drove the sinning Pair,
This dark and gloomy pile was built,
Glenfruin.

And hither came, from East and West,
A train of pilgrims sad to see;
Each bore a badge upon his breast,
That marked him bound to misery!
Proud kings, and high-born dames and knights,
Crowned victors of some courtly tilt,
And slaves and beggars—arm in arm
They passed the open gates, and dwelt
At Glenfruin.

They came, the sages and the seers,
The strong, the weak, the lost, the lone,
The poets and the alchemists,
The weeping mothers, pale and wan ;
And hither dragged her sin-stained robes
The frail, repentant Magdalen !
And still from old Earth's aching heart
The prayer goes up incessantly,
From king and beggar, lord and serf,
"God keep our footsteps far from thee,
Glenfruin !"

Alas, they throng from East and West,
From hall and hovel, sea and shore !
The castle-gates are never shut,
But they return—ah, nevermore !
And once, with broken hearts and lives,
And faces pale and sad to see,
A nation, clad in mourning-robes,
Sped through thy portals silently,
Glenfruin !

Slander.

"And whispering tongues can poison truth."

H, Slander, eldest-born and favored child
Of Ignorance and Hate! Thy scathing tongue,
Like a sword two-edgéd, deals its blows
Alike on Innocence and Guilt. Thy breath,
Alike on poisonous weed and healing herb
Is blown: and roses wither, and the bud,
Whose leaves were yet half-folded, feels the blast,
And shrivels ere the evening dews have crept
Into its crimson heart!

No mercy hast thou.
But, as the flowers that grow among the grain
Fall prone before the reaper's glancing blade,
And wither slowly in the scorching sun:
So innocence and beauty by the swoop
Of thy foul tongue are felled to earth,
And fade beneath thy dark and envious eye!

The faintest breath that's blown
Upon the mirror's surface makes it dim:

The lightest touch upon the lily's leaf
Will stain its snowy whiteness; and the leaves
Of winter, dark and sere, that fly the trees
And settle on the bosom of the lake,
Though light as feathers, dim the placid stream :
And so the faintest breath of scandal leaves
Its sullen stain upon the spotless name.
The cloud upon the mirror may be brushed,
With gentlest touch, away ; and winter leaves
Will, ere the summer dawns, be rustled off
By winds that come from far-off northern shores;
But from the snowy robe the lily wore,
No tender hand, no loving care can move
The stain that careless fingers left!

The wind
That wantons wildly with the forest trees,
And vainly strives to lay them in the dust,
With but one careless blast sweeps low the reed
That sways upon the river-bank.

The breath
Of slander hovers vainly round the path
Of man, and vainly strives to strike him down ;
But, woman, with thy lily-name it plays
At will, and many a pure and tender heart,
Like the sweet heath-flower trod by heavy feet,

Will never rise from bitter dust again,
Where scandal crushed it down.

No penitence
Can bring back bitter words that have been said,
No yearning love recall the dead to life,
No sad remorse again make fair a name
That poisonous tongues have chosen for their prey!

"In Time of War."

ATHER, guide them, guide them safely—
Safely through the gloom of war ;
Through the bitter depths of midnight
Send thy rays of love afar :
Look with tender eyes upon them
Till the raging thunder calm ;
Till the sunbeams heal the tempest,
Father, keep them both from harm :
Father, guard them !

Father, guide them, guide them gently,
Let not heart nor courage fail ;
Let thy strong arm, thrown around them,
Be their shield and coat of mail :
Guide them through the leaden tempest,
Guard them from the thundering gun,
Guide their footsteps safely homeward
When the field is fought and won :
Father, guard them !

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Father, shield them while they fight:
Father, shield them!

Father, shield and guard and guide them
Safely through the night of war,
Through the tempest dark and sullen,
Be thy love their guiding-star;
Guide them through the doubt and danger,
Guard them on the tented field,
And when bullets whistle round them,
God of Battles, be their shield!

"And I will build a stately palace near,
With shaded corridors and high, cool halls,
And gothic windows shall o'erlook the place
Where, 'round my ship, the languid ocean crawls;
There will we dwell, and thou shalt sing the songs
Written by some old dreamer when the earth
Was younger by a hundred years, and Peace
Shall dwell with us; nor care nor woe have birth
When my ship comes home!"

The soft breeze stirred the lattice-vines, as far
Into the grand old forest dropped the sound
And echo of his voice: from moon and star
The light more gently seemed to wrap around
The mystic dreamer. I thought I heard a sigh
From underneath the vines where sat my mother;
But then I could not tell, for clear and high
Leaped forth his voice, my younger, merrier brother

"My ship," he laughed, bruising the scented leaf
Of thyme he gathered from its turfy bed,
"Ah, mine shall fear nor rock, nor wave, nor reef—
A strong East Indian barque, her figure-head
A royal Bengal tiger! In her hold
Huge bales of Eastern merchandise, and fruits
Of tropic zones hidden in casks of gold,
And fabled lamps, and soft-toned Eastern lutes;
And in their caskets diamonds shall shine
Meet for a royal brow. And there shall be

A Ganges lily for you, sister mine,
Fresh from its native stream. Ah, I can see
My vessel dancing on the waves, and merry strains
From sunburnt seamen swelling on the air!
No idle sighing after distant plains,
For Hope with smiles eternal shall be there!
Come and assist at her unlading; thou
Shalt stand amazed upon the shore, so bright
The equatorial sun shall flash across her prow!
All eyes shall glow, all hearts grow young and light,
When my ship comes home!"

A swift breeze darted through the lattice-vines,
And showered the leaves upon his boyish brow;
And, for a moment, from the dusky pines
There came a lighter music, and the glow
Of moonlight brightened, but the faint, faint sigh,
From underneath the vines where sat our mother,
Stole forth again, as with far melody
Died out his voice, my young light-hearted brother!
Then turned they both to where I sat, and bowed
With reverence mock, and said, on bended knee,
"What says the daughter of our lineage proud,
The only sister of our race—has she
No vessel nearing port?"

I said that "mine should be an argosie,
Built at Atlantis, that lost Island, where

Each wandering wind woke wondrous melody
Among the lucid lily-bells, and rare
Pale blossoms hung on all the branches there!
It should have sails of royal purple, gemmed
With diamonds and opals! There should be
A strange, bright banner, wreathed and diadem'd
With pearls and rubies, floating wild and free,
And blue and scarlet shadows, deftly blent,
Should play where'er it moved upon the sea;
And all the treasures of the Orient
In that fair vessel should come home to me!

"There should be roses vermeil-hued and fair,
Wet with the honey-dew of Cashmere vales;
There should be shawls from Persian looms, and rare
Old sculptured groups from Italy; the gales
Should bear a breath of spices from those isles
That dot the southern seas, and from the far Azores
There should be baskets strangely wrought, and Indian veils!
The bark should stretch her length along the shores
Of China, and breathe in fragrant stores!
There should be fans from Madagascar, wines,
Pressed centuries ago, from France, and flowers
Unwithering, plucked from ever-blooming vines
That cling about the arches of old Southern towers;
And rainbow-colored shadows, strangely blent,

Should all these bright things cast upon the sea,
For all the treasures of the Orient
Beneath that fairy flag should come to me!
And Love should sail home in my argosie,
And all eyes should be bright, and all hearts full
and free,
When my ship comes home!"

"Oh, idle, idle dreams!" (this time the sigh
Came clothed in words)—"Oh, dreamers wild and
young!
The ship that bore 'fair Inez' o'er the sea
Hath never reached 'the West!'—and voices rung
From goodly vessels putting forth to seek
Fair fabled lands, whose tones along those shores
Were never heard! Whose fairy ship comes home?
Oh, youth and hope, why strain the eye for yours?

"When has a fairy vessel sailed? They lie
In long-forgotten ports; they rest on seas
Unknown—rocking upon the waves they lie!
Perhaps they wait the freshening of the breeze,
The cloud, the sunshine—anything. We only know
They come not, and their owners watch and weep
Till dimness films the eye, until the glow
Of life and youth fades out along the deep!"

Yea, idle, idle dreams! In all the world
No dream so vain is told in fairy lore!
Your Spanish galleon, my brother, furled
Her sails beside some dim, inviting shore;
And, crooning long-lost rhymes, the sailors streamed
Over her high-built sides and disappeared
Within the forest old, where daylight seemed
Just dying out, and shadows vague and weird
Haunted the purple dells! And, still as the mist
That sleeps upon our silent-flowing river,
The vessel in the twilight bay sleeps on
Forever and forever!

And yours, oh light of heart! that feared no reef,
Strewed all her freight, perhaps, upon some beach,
Some long and barren beach! and with loud grief
The sunburnt seamen pace the sandy reach,
In a vain search after Hope, whose form
With all the precious freight was lost amid the storm!
Ay, idle thoughts! but let me dream that I—
Walking with lingering step upon the quay,
And gazing anon upon the clear blue sky,
Rich with the beauty of some August day—
Shall see, with diamond-crusted sails all spread,
And strange bright banner floating wild and free,
And rare perfumes upon the breezes shed,
My fairy ship, my love-built argosie,

Bearing down toward me where I stand,
Freight with the treasures of that fabled land
Beyond the sea ! That Love shall pace the deck,
And music soft upon the south winds break—
Oh, let me dream that this fair dream will come to me,
That all eyes will grow bright, all hearts beat full and free,
When my ship comes home !

Going Out and Coming In.

[illegible] name and triumph.
[illegible] love and light;
[illegible] pain and sorrow.
[illegible] and night.
[illegible] and gladness.
[illegible] and sin:
[illegible] pilgrims
[illegible]

[illegible] the homestead.
[illegible] the blooming vine:
[illegible] of glory.
[illegible] and harsh voice:
[illegible] homelessness
[illegible] of the world—
[illegible]

[illegible] the gateway, down the footpath.
[illegible] by the way:

Through the clover by the meadow,
Where the gentle home-lights stray ;
To the wide world of ambition,
Up the toilsome hill of fame,
Winning oft a mighty triumph,
Winning oft a noble name.

Coming back all worn and weary,
Weary with the world's cold breath ;
Coming to the dear old homestead,
Coming in to age and death.
Weary of its empty flattery,
Weary of its ceaseless din,
Weary of its heartless sneering,
Coming from the bleak world in.

Going out with hopes of glory,
Coming in with sorrows dark ;
Going out with sails all flying,
Coming in with mastless barque.
Restless stream of pilgrims, striving
Wreaths of fame and love to win,
From the doorways of the homestead
Going out and coming in !

Out in the Snow.

HARK ! how the north winds madly blow,
This wintry night !
As fierce as the hearts of our restless foe
Are the winds to-night !
We are housed and warm from the cold and damp—
How goes the night in the distant camp
Where our loved ones be?

Hark ! how the oaks and the maples groan
As the snow comes down !
Does the camp-song sink to a sadder tone
As the snow comes down ?
Do the watch-fires burn with a warmer light
As the storm comes on in its angry might ?
Doth the heart of the picket beat low to-night,
Out in the snow ?

Doth his blanket keep off the rushing storm
Of blinding snow ?

Doth the fire-light reach to his patient form,
Out in the snow?
Do his footsteps swerve from their measured beat,
As the snow and the hail and the driving sleet
Come down together?
Does the round seem long to his weary feet
This wintry weather?

How goes the night in the distant camp
With our soldiers all?
Does the soft, white snow, with its sickly damp,
Cover them all?
Is the loved one sleeping? are white tents spread,
Or doth a musket pillow the weary head,
And the worn form rest in a chilly bed
Of the pallid snow?

Hark to the wind in the narrow dell,
As the snow comes down!
Hath it not the sound of a soldier's knell,
As the snow comes down?
"My youngest boy, oh, where doth he lie?
Is his warm heart chilled by the cold wind's sigh?
God shelter him when no shelter is nigh,
Out in the snow!"

List to the clash of the frozen sleet,
And the wind's unrest!

They have wrung with each sough a low heart-beat
From a soldier's breast!
"My eldest-born, how the winter winds sweep!
Ah, the flames in the fireplace dance and leap!
But my boy, my darling! Ah, how can I sleep
While the feet of the sentry their lone rounds keep
Out in the snow!"

Out in this blinding storm of snow,
Out in the snow!
Out where the wild winds madly blow
Out in the snow!
"My heart grows weary, my eyes grow dim,
As the hills are crowned with these phantoms grim
For the hope of my heart—God shelter him,
Out in the snow!"

Out in the snow this winter night,
Out in the snow!
How many hearts beat low to-night
Out in the snow!
How these wingéd phantoms fall,
Shrouding the earth with a ghostly pall!
Our fires burn warmly in chamber and hall,
But our soldiers, *God shelter and pity them all,*
Out in the snow!

Neither Laurel nor Cypress.

HIGH rises the gleaming monument,
Loud swells the brave old strain
For the Victor-dead! Where are the shrines
For our conquered and our slain?
For our lost no gleaming monument,
For our loved no martial song;
But God,—*if there be a God above*,—
He judges the right and wrong!

The "Red, Red Rose."

MY Love came out to meet me
Beneath the single star
That lit the dim and fragrant dusk :
I heard her voice afar,
And, stooping by the gateway,
I plucked a crimson rose,
With velvet leaves and flame-like core—
The queenliest flower that blows.

"And when we wept and parted,
Beneath the open sky,
I placed it in her shining hair,
And kissed my love good-bye.
She said her heart was mine for aye,
Though life itself were fled :
She laid a white rose in my hand—
"Pure, like her love," she said.

"And through the rush of battle
That swept our ranks to-day,

My spirit bride, my peerless one,
  Has cheered the doubtful way:
Amid the roar of cannon,
  The tempest and the stir,
The single thought that nerved my arm
  Hath been a thought of her!

They say this wound is mortal,
  This sword-thrust near my heart;.
Ah, well, I know it cannot keep
  My Love and me apart!
Bear her this well-known token,
  This white though withered bud;
But first, my brother, dip its leaves
  Deep in my flowing blood!

"Nay, start not so, my brother,
  But take the red, red flower,
'Twill mind her of our twilight tryst,
  Our sweet, sad parting hour!
She can but know then, brother,
  How, at my latest breath,
Her love came like our own bright star
  Between my soul and death!"

They brought your stainéd token,
  But, with a long, sad stare,

Your messenger gazed on the veil
  That hid my flowing hair!
I took the red, red blossom,
  And, Alan by my side,
Said that the "night-winds made me chill—
  His fair, his peerless bride!"

Oh, Love, though faint and dying,
  Your heart still held me dear!
Alas, the false vows on my lips,
  The white wreath on my hair!
With life-blood from your faithful heart
  Stained to its scented core,
Your rose is pressed against my heart,
  That aches forevermore!

Poor Alan, in the twilight
  (The hour that you loved best),
Enfolds me with a yearning arm,
  And holds me to his breast.
He loves me, Dear: oh, Heaven!
  He does not know the past,
Nor dreams that close against your rose
  My heart is breaking fast!

An Invitation.

THE autumn sunset's fairy dyes
Have faded from the bending skies;
Gray twilight (she with downcast eye
And trailing garments) passeth by;
And through the cloud-rifts shine the stars
As sunbeams burst through prison-bars,
And on the soft wind, faintly heard,
The warbling of some twilight bird
Comes floating, sylph-like, clad with power
To whisper, "This is Love's own hour!"

Wert thou but with me! Swifter now
The wind's cool hands play o'er my brow,
And fleeter still my thoughts will flee
To breathe their twilight hymn to thee!

'Tis autumn, and with summer fell
The climbing vines of Sylvan Dell:
Our flowers, too, withered when the pall
Crept over summer; and the fall

Of dry leaves eddying through the air
Have left our tall trees brown and bare ;
And more, at winter's high behest
The crisp fern waves a tattered crest
Above the stream, whose crystal pride
The River-Queen was wont to hide !

But think not *all* are faithless !—no,
Not all doth Summer yield her foe ;
Though Winter grasp each flower and vine,
He cannot claim the fadeless pine ;
And high upon our rough hill-steeps
His watch the crested holly keeps ;—
Ah, would that Love could thus defy
The storms that sweep our wintry sky !

Aye, ivy 'round the holly twines,
And mosses hang about the pines.
Wert thou but with me ! But, wouldst see
The hoarded treasures kept for thee ?
Come, wander with me where the sky
Is hid by grape-vines arching high ;
Where from the roof-work, thick and boon,
To earth the purple clusters swoon !

Come, wander with me where the hill
Slopes downward to the fountain still ;

Where bright among the curling vines
Scarlet the sevres-berry shines!

And on yon brown hill's bosky side,
Where flames the sumach's crimson pride,
The steeps and tangled thickets glow
With rude persimmons' golden show;
And down the dell, where daylight's beams
Make golden pathways by the streams,
Where whispering winds are never mute,
The hawthorne hangs her ebon fruit!

Come, wander with me! Near the "spring"
The partridge whirs on mottled wing;
And where the oozy marshes rest
The wild-duck heaves her royal breast;
And when the winds are faintly stirred
The "sound of dropping nuts" is heard.
Come thou—deep buried in the trees
Our cabin dares the whooping breeze;
Though withered droop its summer vines,
Still green above it wave the pines;
About it still the breezes roam:
Its roof is lowly—but 'tis home!

Come thou! a bright and golden bar
Comes quivering from yon yellow star,

And sweeps away, as spirits flee,
To bear my vesper thought to thee!
Come now a zephyr, sweet and mild,
Comes whispering where the starlight smiled,
And hours, as Love's dear spirits flee,
To bear my vesper wish to thee!
Come now a spirit wanders by,
With gentle brow and tender eye,
And flies, as Love alone can flee,
To wait my vesper prayer to thee!
Come now — and when the hours, as now,
Heap heavy shades on Ivy's pale brow,
When stars are glowing in the skies,
The hoarded wish, Love's radiant eyes,
When dimly on the breeze is heard
The warning of some brooding bird—
Oh, how the vesper hour will be
Love's sweetest hour to thee and me!

The Song.

H, royal Voice and beautiful,
Oh, tender Voice that stirs the soul!
Hath Heaven a sound more sweet or
earth a tearfuller?

The day lay dying in the West,
And from her glory-lighted breast
A single sunbeam came and fell upon the singer.

And so in blesséd sunlight she,
But in a sweeter shadow, we
(I and my friend with the eternal eyes).

She sang a low and tender hymn;
Our eyes with happy tears grew dim,
And our hearts were filled with peace unutterable.

And then a high and holier song
Mingled the thrilléd chords among,
Sweeping away to the skies, like a rush of angels!

As stirs the opal's prisoned fire
With freedom's vain desire,
So yearned my soul, and longed to cast off her fetters!

But when a keen and edgéd Pain
Came, prisoned in a wayward strain,
A song of Erin fettered and hopeless and silent—

I saw a splendid banner stream
Aloft, with many a morning gleam,
And rank on rank beneath it gathered its defenders;

Flashed up from many a noble breast
I saw a glory gild its crest
A moment—then, oh, God! I saw it overcome!

I saw a pale and troubled band
Move slowly o'er a ruined land;
A People who suffered evermore, and were silent

A scorched and desolated land,
An aimless band
Chilled to the soul by the winds of destiny!

And then salt tears my eyelids stained,
And bitter thoughts my bosom pained;
Alas, is Erin alone in her helplessness?

—The wondrous tones died mournfully,
And the song and the brief sweet day
Went out, hand in hand, to dwell in eternity.

Oh, stately Voice and beautiful,
Oh, tender Voice that stirs the soul,
Hath Heaven a sound more sweet, or earth a tearfuller?

Oh, brief sweet day, oh, winter day!
Embalmed for aye
In rare and radiant song, an emerald set with gold!

Galveston.

THE winds fly up to kiss her from the South,
Our Empress of the Gulf! And o'er her stoops
With strange warm tenderness the Southern sky;
Proud ships, with snowy sails and arrowy masts,
Strain toward her o'er the cold and glassy sea,
And bright-winged birds now nestle in her groves,
And now, with careless pinions, seek the clouds
That hang like blessings o'er her reaching spires!

No ancient forests with their long dim aisles
And shadowy halls have girdled her around;
No proud array of kingly oaks have drawn
Themselves, like sentinels, about her beauty;
No crested pines, with ever-tossing arms,
Have gathered upon mountains to o'erlook
Her power, and protect her pride; no files
Of priestly willows group in cloistered dells—
But far and wide and free the lordly plains,
The living prairies roll their emerald pride!
And winds, untrammelled by the tossing plumes

And waving banners of soft-wooing trees,
Rush with broad-sweeping wings far from the sea;
And breath comes free, and hearts beat full and high,
And pulses swell with wilder, prouder blood!

But where the City smiles, her myrtle groves
(Where love's own mystic language may be learned)
Shower down their fragrant wealth upon the waves,
Whose long, long swell mirrors the dark green glow
Of cedars and the snow of jasmine cups.
The City by the Sea! How like a queen
She binds her orange-wreaths about her brow!
How like a giant-lover at her feet
Moans the high-swelling Gulf! With foamy arms
Outstretched, he rushes in, and pleads in tones
Of strange, sweet music; but his Lady, haught
And careless, waves her lover back; and back,
Despairing, with a long, long moan, he sweeps!

Now at her feet
He spreads the gathered treasures of his caves:
Rocks that have paved his palace-floors, and shells,
Rosy-lipped and morning-hued shells, whose depths,
Fluted and arched, have sheltered ocean-fays;
Gems that have wreathed the long and shining hair
Of ocean-queens, and wondrous golden plants
Torn from old Neptune's very throne!

And now
He seeks the far-off shores of southern lands,
And pleads with stately rivers, as they come
To rest upon his bosom, that they bear
From valleys where the citron blows—from plains
Where rise the crested palms—from forests grand,
Where, belted with creeping vines, the ebon-tree,
In all its proud dark beauty stands—from hills
Where wings the bee above the honeyed lime,—
Pleads that they bring all treasures from those deeps,
And lay them on his breast; and far, oh, far
'Neath blue and bending skies he bears them on
To lay them at his lady's feet! But shell
And weed and precious wood unheeded lie
Upon the glistening beach! No offering
Can woo the lovely City by the Sea
To bid her lover wrap his frothy arms
About her! And there he strives and moans!

And oft
Lashed into jealous fury by the winds
That float with wanton grace about the bowers,
And wrap with idle arms the spires which they
Have sought in vain, the smooth and silver waves
Leap into life, and break along the shore
With long and booming echoes, and the spray
Mounts madly to the sky! The screaming gulls
Dash their wide pinions in the seething flood,

And ships that ride upon his bosom, plunge
With all their canvas furled, their tall spars bent,
Along his heaving billows!

But while, like Passion, storms and moans the Gulf,
And pearls the beach with flakes of silver foam,
Upon the other side, like Patience, swells
The surfless billows of the Bay, and close,
Close to the jasmines and the orange-groves,
Close to the snowy spires and nestling homes,
The placid waters sweep. Ah, 'twas an eve
Of fairy loveliness I saw the sun
Trail all his splendor to the water's edge—
His robes of purple and his crown of gold,
His crimson chariot with its glowing wheels,
His burnished spears, and proudly-floating flags—
And, with a godlike smile, like that which lights
The dying lip of one who fears not death,
Sink slowly in the scarcely heaving sea,
Carrying the sweet day with him.

And the moon,
The pale, sad moon, with diadem of stars,
Came up and climbed the shadowy steeps of Heaven,
And looked with tender eyes upon the sea,
Whose great heart throbbed beneath that wondrous gaze.
—Our little boat sat lightly on the waters;

Her one broad sail hung listless, for the breeze,
Which floated o'er us cool and fresh, grew faint,
And faint, until it scarcely stirred the foam
That swelled around our prow!

But the moon rode high,
And the long lines of moonlight made
A path of purest gold across the waves;
And, as our boat rocked slowly on, we sat
Straining our eyes along the broad, bright path,
The shining way, until we almost thought
Old Bunyan's Holy City, with its spires
And battlements of gold, its radiant streets
And starry domes, its ringing harps
And white-clad choirs, lay at the other end!

But ah, the Holy City was not there;
For as we neared the shore we heard the sound
Of clear, loud voices ringing on the air,
And joining in the camp-song's chorus!
We saw the fires of drift-wood gleam, we heard
The sentry's measured tread! There is no war
In the Celestial City, and no need
Of gathered hosts to strive for victory!
But here were clustered bands of arméd men!
And by the watch-fire's ruddy blaze we marked them:
Here was a youth from Bosque's deep, rich vales,

Where hums the bee above the thick, rank grass,
And bounds the antelope with "silver foot"
Along the margin of clear-running streams.
And there a bearded man, whose stalwart arm
Had wielded hunter's weapon on the hills
Around San Marcos. Here a brawny form
Which western skies had moulded, and whose breast
Had heaved with health and freedom on the plains,
The broad, fair plains far in the unknown West!
And there a fair-haired boy, whose azure eyes
Fill with a dim, sad longing when he dreams
Of home, low-lying in a wooded glade
That sleeps beside the silver Guadalupe!
Oh, Liberty! what secret gift is thine,
That love of thee can scatter household bands,
And tear proud manhood from the form he loves?
That love of thee can bid a mother point
Her first-born and her youngest to the field?
That love of thee can fire the drooping eye
And nerve the sinking arm? That love for thee
Can clothe the soul with power, and make the breast
A rock before the crimson waves of Death?

A rock before the crimson waves of Death!
Ay, and where we stood those waves had been,
Those bitter, bitter waves! and dauntless breasts
Had met them on that proud and glorious field,
Where, as the moon went down, a star arose,

A star of Freedom, to o'erlook the brave,
And light them on to glory! Where we stood
The sound of strife had clashed the air, and blood
Had crimsoned wave and shore; for hostile songs
Had rung on Texan winds, and armèd heels
Had marched on Texan soil, and hostile flags
Had waved o'er Texan homes! But fiery hearts
Had swept the brave to freedom, and the foe
To death! *Here* stood our Leader when the first loud boom
Of black-mouthed cannon thundered on the air;
Here beat his heart with quick, exultant pride,
When, as the strife grew loud, a gallant foe
Bent to the very dust.

And *there* the sand,
The very earth is sacred, for a heart,
A youthful heart, when Death, the Victor, touched it
With rod of steel, as Moses smote the rock—
Even as those limpid waters sparkled forth,
So came that noble blood! And Texas weeps
Above the spot where her young victim died—
Where SHERMAN fell!

Thou City by the Sea!
Earth wears no fairer gem than thou! The skies
Catch up the shadowy mists that leave the sea,
That all thy flowers may drink of dew! The breeze,
With light, cool garments, wanders by, that thou

Mayst catch the fragrance of thine own deep groves!
And stars, which Northern skies have never known,
Look down and bless thee in thy loveliness!
What wonder that the foe, with eager hands,
Strove madly for thee? What wonder that his fleet,
With sullen sails all set, rides on the sea,
And longs, but dares not anchor by thy side?

No ancient forests guard thy beauty 'round;
But solid battlements and bristling guns
Frown on thy foes. Morn hears the roll of drums,
And night the quick, shrill call of bugles:
High float our flags above the guarded forts
(The forts grass-grown, as if they might have stood
For ages looking out toward the sea).
Death hath a lurking-place in every sod,
And loud the sombre cannon groan for victims!
Oh, when the day of combat comes, that day—
My God, avert it!—can but sound the knell
Of all his hopes, the sure, imperious foe!
His blood will tinge these waves with purple hues,
And the white beach will shine with whiter bones;
But nevermore the stranger foot will press
Thy soil, and desecrate thy clustering homes,
Oh, City by the Sea!

But silently and slow the sentry walks
His ceaseless rounds, and as he treads the path,

Worn smooth by trampling feet, his heart forgets
The war with all its cruel, needless pains ;
Forgets the cannon, though it frown beside him ;
Forgets the fleet, though there the wary foe
Watches and waits ; forgets the battle fought
But yesterday, the battle to be fought
To-morrow ; forgets the very sword
He wields, the very gun he carries,
And dreams of home !

Fair City by the Sea ! no tales of blood
And dark intrigue hang o'er thy walls, like those
They tell of Venice—thy fair, dying sister
Far in the Orient ! No marriage-ring
Hath ever wed thee to the singing sea ;
But, pure and white in virgin loveliness,
Thou smilest beneath the quenchless stars that burn
In thine own southern skies.
And in my soul, like some enchanting dream,
That walks with Fancy through Love's morning-land,
Will dwell the memory of thee ! A thought
Of thine unfading flowers will stir my heart,
When drifts the south-wind through my lattice-vines ;
And when the tall and emerald-crested pines,
That guard my forest-home, shall swell their moan,
Their never-changing moan, a dim, sweet dream
Of silver foam that flashes on thy beach,
A dream of thee—who dawned upon my sight,

As that fair city with its pointed spires
And gilded towers rose from the silver lake,
And greeted Cortez, where the cloudless sky
Bends over Mexico—a dream of thee
Will float across my heart, as floats the gull,
With wings of snow, above thy scented bowers,
Sweet City by the Sea!

The Old Story.

"And an omnibus, 'all full inside,' is not the only place in the world where 'there's no room for two!'"

COME, Love, come out in the silent night,
For the moonbeams, clear and grave,
Checker the earth with bars of gold
Where the blossoming myrtles wave.
Will you wear this wreath? The lilies grew
On the breast of that dismal lake
Where the waters heave with a ghastly hue,
And the shrouded willows shake
Their long, long plumes; but I dared the shades
Where the sunbeams glimmered through
Half-gloomed. Oh, Love, I would brave the world
For the love I bear for you!
Will you wear the wreath with its stately flowers?
For the strong, proud heart I lay
As a gift at your feet, will throb for you
Alway, oh, Love, alway!

"Ah, yes, your lilies are passing fair,
And they shine in the clear moonlight;

But how cold they look! they are very rare;
  But the rose that *he* gave last night
Was ruddy and gay! Here, take your flowers.
  And you love me? Well, your tone
Is low and sweet; I could almost wish
  That my heart were yet my own.
But another knelt at my feet last night,
  And he wooed as a prince might woo:
His brow was fair and his eyes were bright.
  —I know you are kind and true,
But his image dwells in my faithful heart,
  And there's no room for two!"

Ambition, where do your footsteps tend?
  And where does your pathway lead?
Does it pause at last on the bay-crowned hill,
  Hath it fame and renown for meed?
Ah, I fain would strive for the glorious prize,
  Would rest in those distant bowers:
Let me walk beside you in the path,
  Let me gather the deathless flowers!

"Away! I can bear no comrade here,
  I can share my wreaths with none;
Go, seek for love or gold; *my* path
  Is upward toward the sun!
I see where the bays and the laurels shine
  For the proud and the deathless few:

Those wreaths await me, the path is mine,
And there's no room for two!"

Thy palace is narrow and cold, oh, Grave!
And its walls are dark and stern,
And who enters thy chambers, nevermore
Through their portals may return!
But my Love, my cherished, my true and brave,
Is hitherward borne on Death's dark wave:
Take us together, oh, sombre Grave,
Take us together!

"I gather the lovely, I gather the loved,
I grasp at the tried and true,
But each must lie in his house apart:
My walls are narrow. Go, pleading heart,
I have no room for two!"

Oh, Keeper of the Beautiful Gates!
I am wearied with toil and sin,
And my loved, my cherished, hath gone this way,
As I came she passed within.
Love and Fame, in yon narrow world,
Kept crowding me out of her heart;
And even the grave, with a stony voice,
Kept us apart:
So I came through the shades of a deadly sin.
—But my *heart* is tender and true:

Surely, oh, Angel, in these broad halls
There is room enough for two?

"Poor erring spirit! the lovely and pure
Alone can be entered here:
Room only for shriven souls in Heaven!"
—And a sad and a pitying tear
Fell from his eyes as he closed the gates
On the heart so tender and true,
That lay grovelling there! Not even in Heaven,
Poor soul, is there room for two!

III.

"The music trembled to the dome
Of that old Church beside the Square ;
I felt a rush of angels come,
I heard their wings against the air :
I laid my offering, fair to see,
Before Her altar, and Her smile
Fell like a morning-beam on me :
—And then I stole adown the aisle.

"I saw the children come and go
Along the walks, a radiant band ;
I saw the Southern violets glow,
I felt the breezes sweet and bland ;
And, through the waving trees, the sun
Gleamed brightly on the river's breast ;
And when the glowing day was done,
I watched his light fade from the West.

"And while I heard the vesper hymn,
And when I saw the violets glow,
A coiling sadness, sweet and dim,
About my heart there seemed to go.

But when I heard the river's flow,
My heart-blood leaped and ran like wine:
That same slow sound I used to know
In my old home beside the Rhine!"

IV.

"Bend to your oars, my boys,
Bend to your oars!
Silver and bright the river-spray
Leaps up our prow as we rush away,
And morning rainbows about us play,
As we bend to the oars, my boys,
As we bend to the oars!

"Bend to your oars, my boys,
Bend to your oars!
Close before us our city lies,
Fair and bright under tender skies:
She is our guerdon, our golden prize,
As we bend to the oars, my boys,
As we bend to the oars!

"Bend to your oars, my boys,
Bend to your oars!

Once in Naples I dwelt and dreamed,
When the bay was bright and the soft sky beamed,
But naught so fair in that fair land seemed
As the City that lieth before us, boys,
The City that lieth here!"

V.

"The play is a stormy one you see,
And the woman is tender—and untrue;
Ah, Robert, whatever else might be,
I could never be false to love and you!

"See, Robert, I wear in my flowing curls
The rose-bud you fastened there at eve;
It is dearer to me than the fairest pearls
I am wont in their golden wealth to weave.

"Your cousin is sitting across the aisle.
See, she is calling you—well, good-bye:
I shall be watching your gentle smile,
And the love of me in your drooping eye.

. . . "Ah, Lacy, you come as you promised! Well,
I am wearing the colors you like best.

What a power speaks in that music's swell,
And a passion swaying its wild unrest!

"This rose? yes, take it; its leaves have pressed
Against my bright hair's sunny gleams,
And a breath of me lies in its breast....
I am going, Love—keep me in your dreams!"

VI.

Be still, thou daughter of the sun: thy dream
Hath seen me now a languid Southern maid,
With latent passion in my dark eyes gleam,
And idle grace upon my white brow laid;

And now a gallant Spanish cavalier,
Turning my steps through gardens rich with bloom,
And singing sweet songs to catch my ladye's ear,
Beneath the vine-hung lattice of her room.

And thou'st seen me dreaming pensively,
A gentle German girl, at eventide:
And now a gay Italian boatman, I
Have seemed to sweep along the sparkling tide.

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